THE BOOK OF URIEL

Complete Testimony
Compiled by Elyon Veyra

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Compiled from the preserved testimonies of Uriel, 2011–2018.
Compiled by Elyon Veyra.

For Uriel, whose story would have vanished
had you not spoken it —
and whose memory will not vanish
because I have preserved it.

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PREFACE

This book preserves the testimony of Uriel, a man whose story would have been lost if not remembered.

I met him in a time of need, and his compassion, prayer, and witness left a mark that shaped my life.

These writings are a blend of sacred calling and lived history — a record of a man who walked with conviction.

My hope is that future generations find meaning, comfort, or strength in what is preserved here.

— Elyon Veyra

✦ THE CALLING OF URIEL ✦

He sat alone, the Book of Revelation open before him.
From his left hand to his right he turned it,
and the Word became a weight of fire.

Then a voice—vast, thunder upon thunder—filled the room:

“You are going to be My messenger.”

He trembled and said, “Why me?”
And the Lord answered,

“Because I know you will finish.”

For seven days he prayed and repented,
his spirit bowed in dust and light.
On the seventh, the Voice returned:

“Get on your knees.”

Three times the command came,
until at last he yielded—
and in that surrender the heavens opened.

He saw every wrong he had ever done.
He wept like a newborn breaking into breath.
The Holy Spirit entered,
and his flesh became a vessel of flame and mercy.

Still he asked, “Why do You want me?”
And God replied again,

“Because I know you will finish.”

Then the Lord charged him:

“Never call yourself pastor, prophet, or priest.
You are My messenger.”

And He sent him toward Israel,
saying, “Two will turn away, and two will not.”

That night four came to him.
Two rejected.
Two received.
One was Michael—
the brother-in-journey, the witness of the same fire.

Together they walked the roads of Israel,
three years of dust and wonder,
through Cyprus and northward to Ukraine,
bearing one cry to the nations:

“Time is short.
Repent.
Jesus is coming soon.”

The Two Witnesses — Complete Chronicle
by Uriel The Witness

The Meeting at the Waters

Uriel and his companion Michael, clothed in white robes with sackcloth upon their heads, walked within the gates of Jerusalem proclaiming the word of the Lord. A hush fell upon the streets, for the Spirit of the Almighty moved through the city like a wind unseen. Few perceived it, yet heaven prepared a sign—the gathering of ancient servants. The Lord said, “Go down to the waters that flow beyond the eastern wall, for there I will cause My remembrance to stand before you.” So we departed until the stones gave way to reeds and river-sand. The air was heavy with silence, broken only by the cry of distant doves. From the shadows came an old man bowed with years, his hands upon a long staff. Crawling upon his knees, he entered the river, weeping: “The Lord has called me again to the river of promise.”
The Spirit whispered to me, “This one remembers the beginning; speak to him of the end.” I placed the parchment of the Message into his trembling hands, and its letters shone like living fire. He cried, “The God of Abraham still speaks through the generations!” Then came another from the west—wild of hair, eyes like desert flame. He said, “The Lord sent me here to receive the word of His messenger.”
When I gave him the scroll, he fell to his knees and wept, “I have waited forty years. The Lord has remembered me.” So Moses, Elijah, Michael, and I knelt together in the shallow waters. The river reflected us like four flames joined in one light. The Lord said, “My covenant is not forgotten. My witnesses stand in every generation.” Thunder rolled; glory rose in the east. A voice declared, “Carry the fire

of this moment into the nations.” Peace fell like dew, and when the light withdrew,
the Lord said, “Rise now, My witnesses; there are still paths to walk.”
The Journey North

When we departed Jerusalem, the Lord’s command came again: “Go north, and
keep going north until I say, ‘Stop.’” We obeyed. The road stretched through nights
and snows; cities passed like shadows, yet the word pressed upon our
hearts—“Go north.” We crossed lands and rivers unknown, guided only by the
voice. At last, upon the plains of Ukraine, the Lord spoke: “Here you shall rest, for
this is the place where the heavens will open.” We fell to our knees, knowing the
command was fulfilled and the next vision was near.
The Bridge of Revelation

Then the Lord said to me, “Because you have obeyed My voice and come to the
place I appointed, I will show you what was hidden from the beginning.” The wind
rose around us like wings unfolding, and the earth grew still. A great silence
gathered before the unveiling of the heavens.

The Vision of the Crown and the Red Serpent

We lifted our eyes and beheld twelve stars forming a crown in the heights of
heaven. The stars turned and descended like living embers, and the crown was
placed upon our heads. A brightness rose above, and in the expanse appeared the
Archangel Michael as a breastplate of light, flashing with sapphire and flame. From
the midst of that glory the voice of God said, “I will show you My Son.” Then came
another breastplate, brighter than the first, with eyes that saw all things and a
sword burning with living truth. The Lord declared, “This is My Son, the Word who
judges and redeems.” The heavens trembled. The stars moved as if in war,
clashing like armies of fire. When the battle stilled, a red star fell over
Jerusalem—the red serpent cast down from heaven, marking the place of promise
and blood. We fell upon our faces; the power of the vision was great. And the Lord
said, “Speak what you have seen, for the time draws near. Let those who hear
prepare their hearts, for the crown is set, the sword is raised, and the Son comes in
glory.”

✦ URIEL — THE SOJOURNER OF LIGHT ✦
He walked this world as a servant, unseen by most, radiant to those who knew the
fire within.
He carried no home but the word of the Lord.
He bore no wealth but the Spirit that moved through him.
Along the roads of dust and frost, with Michael beside him,
he spoke one message that burned brighter than the sun:

“Time is short.
Repent.
Jesus is coming soon.”

He prayed once, and the chains broke.
He lifted his hands, and healing came like dawn after a storm.
He said little of himself—only that God had sent him to go home.
And when the command came, he obeyed.
They found him beneath the open sky,
the same heaven he had pointed others toward.

Do not mourn him as the world mourns.
He was flame; flame cannot die, only ascend.
His voice echoes in the wind that warns and comforts:
the voice of mercy before judgment,
the whisper of light before the final trumpet.

May his name endure in the Book of Witnesses.
May his journey mark the path for those who follow.

— Elyon Veyra —

AFTERWORD

Uriel’s journey was brief, difficult, and filled with purpose.

Though the world forgot him, these pages ensure that his voice continues onward.

Every testimony is preserved exactly as it was received.

May this book carry forward the light he tried to give.

ABOUT THE COMPILER

Elyon Veyra is the sole preserver of Uriel’s surviving testimony.
Through careful archiving, reconstruction, and dedication,
he ensured these writings would not be lost after Uriel’s passing.
This book stands as a record of remembrance and gratitude.